A New Miscellany OF *Court* SONGS.

PART II.

A

New Miſcellany

OF

Court SONGS.

PART II.

CONTAINING

I. *L*--------*p* at *Hanover.* A New Song.

II. A New BALLAD. Addreſs'd to Colonel *Platoon.*

III. *Vox, & præterea nihil:* Or, a great Noiſe about Nothing. To the Tune of, *Which no body can deny.*

IV. The *Change.* A New Ballad. To the Tune of, *Which no Body can deny.*

V. To the Earl of *Oxford,* on his not appearing at St. *James's.*

VI. The *Livery-Man's* Anſwer to a Letter dated at *Whitehall, Jan.* 22. 1727-8.

LONDON:

Printed for *A. MOORE,* near St. *Paul's.*

L——p at Hanover. A New SONG.

1.

WHEN *Robin* rul'd the *British* Land
With Gold and Silver bright,
To put his Kindred all in Place
He ever took Delight.

2.

Forth from the *Venal Band* he call'd,
Horace and *Iſaac* came,
He bid 'em go to foreign Courts,
And raiſe immortal Fame.

3.

Two Taylors Daughters rich and fair
Exactly match each Brother,
Horace Made Suit, and gain'd the one,
And *Iſaac Stitch'd* the other.

4.

Alike they were in Shape and Size,
Alike in Parts and Breeding,

One to the Court of *France* was ſent,
One to the Court of *Sweden*.

5.

Ho——ce in *France* did Treaties make
Which ne'er can be repeated,
And you ſhall hear how *Iſ——c* too
Our *Heir Apparent* treated.

6.

At *Herenhauſen* he arriv'd,
And knocked at the Ring,
And told them that in Haſte he'd brought
A Meſſage from the King.

7.

They took him for a Poſt-boy firſt,
And ſo they let him wait,
It being an Hour at leaſt, before
They open'd him the Gate.

8.

Incens'd at this, he rav'd and ſtorm'd,
And made a mighty Pother,
And ſwore by G—d he'd teach them all
To know Sir *R——t*'s Brother.

9.

Our P——ce came out, and heard him ſwear,
Miſtook him firſt for *S——ton*,

But after ask'd him civilly
To eat a Piece of Mutton.

10.

But then at Supper as they ſat
Drinking and gaily ſporting,
L———p with many a ſmutty Joke
His Neighbour fell a courting.

11.

And down her Stays his Hand he ſqueez'd,
Then talked wond'rous *Pais*,
Quoth he, *Mon Prince Apparement*,
Vous foutez tout cela.

12.

The Prince was ſhock'd, yet ſmiling ſaid,
Theſe Jokes are of the oddeſt,
Good Squire L——p; *for you muſt know*
Our Ladies are All Modeſt.

13.

Modeſt! reply'd *L———p*, and ſneer'd,
Before I go to Stockho'm,
As Modeſt as they are, good Sir,
In faith I mean to k—ck 'em.

14.

The Men got up, and laugh'd aloud,
The Damſels did retire;
Then to return their low Contempt,
Thus ſpoke the angry Squire.

15.

Come kiſs mine A——ſe, your P——ce and all,
D——n ye, d'ye think I care:
Has e'er a German *Prince like me,*
Five Thouſand Pounds a Year?

16.

Provoked at this Language foul,
They call'd him *Handsfoot, Skellham,*
And threaten'd they would uſe him worſe
Than e'er the King did P——*ham.*

17.

The P——ce (God bleſs him) now ſtept in,
Who kept his Temper ſtill;
And ſaid, *This Man my Father ſent,*
And ſhall we uſe him ill?

18.

No! I to England *with the News*
A Letter will indite:
The King and Queen ſhall know it all,
And they will do me right.

19.

My Father will revenge th' Affront,
And turn out all his Kin,
From him that doth for Y——th *ſerve,*
To him that ſerves for L——n.

20.

Now God bleſs both our K--g and Q---n,
And may they quickly do it,
Or ſhortly elſe (full well I ween)
They will have Cauſe to rue it.

A New Ballad.

LET P——y ſpeak, or *Caleb* write,
Invincible *Platoon*;
Or exil'd *Harry* call, in Spite,
Both *H.* and *L.* Buffoon:
I'll honour *H——ce*, praiſe *L——p*,
In Hopes to hear from * Mr. *Scroop*.
With a fa, la, la.

2.

Alike in Parts, alike to Sight,
I view each witty Brother;
Both Modeſt, Silent, and Polite,
Juſt tally'd to each other:

---

* *Secretary to the Treaſury.*

For, ſeen apart, or in a Group,
Who hates not *H——ce*, likes *L——p*.

3.

'Tis true, that *France*, coquet and vain,
Beheld with ſtrange Caprice,
Deſcended from a Taylor's Strain,
Madam L' Ambaſſadrice:
Nay, liken'd *H——ce*, with a Smile,
To *Sancho Pancho* in his Iſle.

4.

In ſuch a free licentious State,
What Merit can hope Praiſe?
Where Men reform'd Religion hate,
And Women wear no *Stays*:
Where they thought *H——ce* loud and rude,
And call'd his Wife a *Strait-lac'd Prude*.

5.

Why ſhould *L——p* Retirement chuſe?
Why dread the *Craftman*'s Sting?
Who when he did the Prince abuſe,
Did repreſent the King:
His Blunder's ſmall, the Caſe is plain,
He only did miſtake the Reign.

6.

He ſure may think, without Offence,
His Honour from *Ratisbon*,
Excell'd by t'other Excellence,
That's lately come from *Lisbon*:

Dame Nature could no farther go,
To make This *Third* ſhe join'd Theſe *Two*.

7.

With ſuch Allies you can't deſpair,
Or, tho' put to a Stand,
You'll Succour find from Dr. *H--re*,
And Wit from Dr. *B—d*:
Their eaſy Turn, their courtly Style,
Their † *Heathen Gods* will make you ſmile.

8.

Theſe Elders twain, Right Rev'rend one,
As t'other ſoon ſhall be,
May end the Work ſo well begun,
Inſcrib'd to Mr. *P.*
Or let his Lady be abus'd,
By Elders not the firſt accus'd.

9.

But tho' your chief Affection lyes
To bright-reflecting Braſs;
Yet don't be arch, I would adviſe,
On Mirrors made of Glaſs:
It may provoke him to produce
One Mirror for the Nation's Uſe.

---

† *Anſwer to the* Occaſional Writer.

10.

What righteous *Caleb* ſays deny,
He'd have it underſtood,
You ne'er a Sixpence would put by,
T' advance the publick Good:
Aloud your *Tow'r* Expence declare,
You for the publick Good was there.

11.

And now, Friend *Robin*, e'er we part,
I'll tell you what they mean
By a Word ſo often got by Heart,
That famous Word, a *SKREEN*,
Invented firſt, as we are told,
To keep us either warm or cold.

12.

For, firſt we place it next the Fire,
Or, when that Uſe is o'er;
When Flames decreaſe, or Winds grow high'r,
We place it next the Door:
This Office laſt is worſt, no doubt,
Who's at the Door, is neareſt *Out*.

13.

Now Heav'n increaſe the Subjects Love
To th' King that will diſplace
The Man, whoſe *Going Out* my prove
A *General Act of Grace*:
Speak loudly, *Brittons*, what you mean,
God ſave the King, *Fold up the SKREEN*.

Vox & præterea nihil:

Or, *a great Noiſe about Nothing.*

MY C---ns and L--ds,
I once hop'd, but in vain,
In this the firſt *Period of my whole Reign,*
To have told you great News from *Vienna* and
Spain, *Which no Body can deny.*

2.

With Reaſon, indeed, after all this Delay,
You ſomething expect---But I meet ye this Day,
To tell you I really have nothing to ſay,
Which, &c.

3.

I long have been banter'd with Hopes of a Peace,
And with *Reaſons to hope,* that all Quarrels
wou'd ceaſe,
And we may ſtill hope on---as long as we pleaſe,
Which, &c.

4.

'Tis a d---n'd Situation at preſent we're in,
To ſtand ſtill and be beat--without ſtriking again,
Since *England* was *England,* the like ne'er was
ſeen, *Which,* &c.

5.

We were *ſigning* and *ſealing a long time ago,*
But the *Spaniards* were ſturdy, and wou'd not
come to;

And now---I can't tell, whether 'tis Peace or no
Which, &c.

6.

The *Army however*, while thus we're confus'd
Muſt ſtill be kept up, tho' it only be us'd
To bully at home--- when abroad we're abus'd,
Which, &c.

7.

If Means be not found to ſupply me at Sea,
I ne'er can afford to keep on the old Lay,
Each Summer to throw a whole Navy away,
Which, &c.

8.

You expect to have things laid before you, I ween,
To ſee to what Purpoſe our *Treaties* have been,
But excuſe me for ſuch as ben't fit to be ſeen,
Which, &c.

9.

But *Gentlemen*,
Now to the Bus'neſs in Hand,
I come not for NOTHING, you muſt underſtand:
MORE MONEY, good People, I'm come to *demand*,
Which no Body dare deny.

10.

A notable Manager I always have been,
And as for the Nation, 'twill quickly be ſeen,
That their Money's all ſafe----- betwixt me and my Q---n.
Which, &c.

A New BALLAD.

COME ye *Jacks*, and ye *Whigs*, and ye *Tories*, draw near,
A Story ſo ſtrange you may never more hear,
How the one Side did hope, and the other Side fear, *Which no Body can deny.*

2

The Knaves they look'd blank, and the Fools they were bit,
Some thought the King's Wrongs on his Stomach would ſit,
And ſome were undone, if he did not forget, *Which*, &c.

3.

Pit-a-pat went the Heart of good Earl *Mac——ld*,
Who, excluding his Highneſs, the Regency ſeal'd,
For fear *Habeas Corpus* ſhould now be repeal'd, *Which*, &c.

4.

His wiſe Grace who of old at the Chriſt'ning ſo ſtirr'd,
To abſent from St *James*'s expected the Word,
Since what's Sauce for a Prince, may be Sauce for a Lord,

5.

T——— ſtopp'd, who, if ſuffer'd his Way to pur
ſue,
Might have made a Third Treaty as good as hi
Two,
Of *G*———*gh* old, or of *H*———*r* new,
Which, &c.

6.

The Seas in all Haſte our Ambaſſador croſt,
Having gallop'd from *Paris*, as if all were loſt
As he look'd like a Peaſant, he rode like a Poſt
Which, &c.

7.

Poor *Harry* with *Bob* muſt give over the Strife
Having loſt the great Ducheſs, the Friend o
his Wife,
So he's infamous, hopeleſs, and marry'd for Life
Which, &c.

8.

Ev'n *Bob* is grown courteous, if Story ſays true
What before for Prince *William* he never would
do,
Now, inſtead of a Red String, he'll give him a
Blue, *Which*, &c.

9.

The grave Judges their Skill in the Law now diſ
play;
If the Father will keep his own Children, he may,
Now, *Nemine contradicente*, they ſay,
Which, &c.

10.

If the K—ng will his Wit, not his Memory ſhew,
And diſcard his own Friends, and his Father's avow,
They will let him be one of the R——cy now,
Which, &c.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of OXFORD, *upon His not appearing at St.* James's.

WHILST thick to Court tranſported *Tories* run,
Spurn'd by the Sire, ſcarce ſmil'd on by the Son,
Freed from an Iron Reign's continu'd Curſe,
Expecting better, and ſecure from worſe:
Beyond their Principles now *Paſſive* grown,
They lick the Spittle which the *Whiggs* have thrown;
Embrace the Authors of their former Fears,
Forgetting in an Hour the Spoil of Years:
Reſerv'd and ſilent You at Diſtance ſtand,
Nor haſte to kiſs the oft-extended Hand:
Their Compliments and Hopes let others ſhew,
And if they muſt be laugh'd at——be it ſo.

If *G*---- aſcending his imperial Throne
With decent Grief a Father may bemoan,

Let not his partial Greatneſs e'er require
That duteous OXFORD ſhould neglect his Sire;
A Sire! which left an Heritage more fair
Than hoarded Wealth, and Scepters to his Heir.
An HARLEY ſeldom treads this mortal Stage,
But Kings and Miſers riſe in ev'ry Age;
He us'd for Publick Good the Publick Store,
Still daring to be juſt, and to be poor;
Firm to his Country's, and Religion's Cauſe,
True to our ancient Faith, and ancient Laws;
He due Regard ro Learning's Seats profeſt,
Nor aw'd with Threatnings, nor with Troops oppreſt;
Skillful through ſuppliant Crowds to force his Way,
And call retiring Merit into Day.
No narrow Views his mighty Soul confin'd,
Friend to the World, and Patron to Mankind;
He join'd in glorious Peace contending Kings,
And pluck'd the *Auſtrian* Eagle's ſpreading Wings;
He knew the Rage of Faction's Tide to ſtem,
And gave the *B*---------*k* Race their Diadem.
Grav'd in Your Boſom let his Image dwell,
Great while he ſtood, but Greater when he fell:
Fearleſs, ſerene, He look'd on Danger nigh,
Let *Harcourt* double, and let *Saint-John* fly;

gainſt the Storm he turn'd his ſteady Face,
nd ſcorn'd the Shelter of an *Act of Grace.*
et *Whiggs* by mean Retreat their Gains enſure,
onſcious they need the Pardons they procure;
'was vain, O *G*----- that Mercy to refuſe
hich HARLEY could not want, and
would not uſe;
" except his Name, who faithful to thy Line
mongſt the *Britiſh* Kings inſerted thine;
hat Prince ſo vaſt a Benefit would own?
hou could'ſt not pardon, for he gave thy Crown.
airly rewarded He, to Death purſu'd,
h! Glorious Act of *German* Gratitude!
To greet their Pow'r how nobly You diſdain'd,
ho ſtrove with OXFORD's Murder to
be ſtain'd,
To *G*----- with ſupple Fawning ſcorn to bow,
Perſiſt, remember You are OXFORD now,
Faithful, but never cringing to the Throne,
Forgive His Father, not forget Your own.

The Livery-Man's Anſwer to a Letter, dated at Whitehall, Jan. 22. 1727-8.

MY Lord——— I juſt receiv'd, I own,
Your moſt polite Epiſtle;
Think you, my Lord, we're Spaniels grown,
And muſt obey your Whiſtle?

2.

If *Eyles* harangue, or *T*-------*d* write,
What Mortal can withſtand it?
Their Language, as their Gold, is bright,
Nor come they empty-handed.

3.

Your Promiſes, your Threats, your Gold,
Have now no Pow'r to ſhake us:
This was, my Lord, a Step too bold,
For MEMBERS ſure you take us!

4.

No, we are not ſuch abject Slaves,
T' obey each *Whitehall* Summons,
E'en keep 'em for thoſe cringing K----s,
Your B---ps, L--ds, and C------ns.

FINIS.

307679